

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.

VOL. I.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE
HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF
THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

O fortunatos nimium sua si bonu nōrint.

VIRGIL.

“WHO can shew us any good?” is the constant language of discontent among all classes of mortals. Ever repining at their lot, ever envying their fellow creatures, ever indulging anxious longing for the adventitious gifts of fortune, yet neglecting the fairest opportunities that offer, and the most natural and certain means to procure substantial happiness.

Happiness, so eagerly desired, so diligently sought after, and so seldom found, is never more ardently pursued than by those who have not attempted to understand her character, nor enquired for the paths that lead to her abode. She is like the kind, but modest, virgin, “that would be woo’d, and not unsought be won;” nor will she dispense the sweetness of her smiles on those who are insensible to the purity and dignity of her nature, who are not sincere and constant in their attentions, and who degrade themselves by idolatrous worship at the shrine of meretricious pleasure.

The authority of sacred writ, the precepts of philosophy, and the experience of ages, might convince us that happiness is not found in sensual indulgence, in frivolous dissipation, in accumulated wealth, nor successful ambition; nor is it always the attendant of beauty nor the companion of gratified vanity: But so greatly are we deluded by imagination, and enslaved by passion, that the glittering toy of the moment has temptation too powerful to be resisted, and present gratifications engross all attention and desire.

It is true that poverty and dependence are allied to certain misery, and prudence can never be better exerted than in securing independence; with which all declare they should be contented, and consequently happy. But independence is an indefinite term; different persons conceive

different notions of it, according to their education, the sphere of life they have been brought up in, the company with which they have associated, the habits they have formed, their particular kind of reading, or total want of rational information. The man of large hereditary possessions, who from his cradle has been fondled in the soft lap of luxury, whose eye has been accustomed to sights of elegance and grandeur, whose nod has commanded obedience, and whose ample means have afforded the indulgence of every desire, will not easily be taught to think he can be independent in a lower sphere, and with a smaller revenue. The opulent merchant, whose successful ventures and persevering industry enables him to live in a style of almost equal splendour, who fares sumptuously every day, decorates his dwelling with gaudy magnificence, and entertains with ostentatious hospitality, has no idea of independence with less than he possesses, and is seldom satisfied with the longest continuance of prosperous speculation. The moderate tradesman, whose retail profits permit himself and family to enjoy the decent comforts of life, and to lay up something at the end of every year, is not satisfied till he can raise enough to load a vessel and risque his all, in hopes to rival the merchant in large gains and extensive credit, without which he cannot suppose himself independent. The humble mechanick, whose labour gives him health, and supplies the temperate calls of nature with wholesome food and needful cloathing, envies the possessors of property the ease and convenience he was never indulged in, nor taught to expect; and thinks it hard he cannot live independent of manual exertion. Thus independence seems to elude the chace in which all eagerly join;

“And like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, but, as we follow, flies.”

How then are we to attain this chief ingredient in the cup of earthly felicity? We must seek for it at home in our own bosoms; and, before we can expect the wholesome

plant to thrive, we must labour carefully to root out the idle and baneful weeds that check its growth, and exhaust the soil by which it should be nourished.

In the middle class, mankind are generally more happy, because envy is not so predominant nor pride so overweening; on one hand, they find many in a station considerably above them, but on the other, many far below; instances might also be collected of persons being eminently happy in the highest, and even in the lowest, sphere of life. Hence it appears, that it is not on circumstances we are so dependent, as upon our passions, appetites and habits, which keep us in slavish and disgraceful subjection. The proud man, with all his bloated consequence and self-sufficiency, by demanding more, often receives less, respect than he might otherwise claim; and seldom finds much deference paid to his opinions, or submission to his will, except from those, whose necessities or interested views render them dependent on his favour, and on whom he mutually depends for the food which supplies his arrogance. It is not coarse flattery, nor fine spun compliments, nor is it the liberal praise of the candid that would content him; he wishes to inspire fear, as well as admiration; to be approached with tremulous confusion, and looked up to with reverence; to be served with timidity, to confer honour by his smiles, to blast with infamy by his frowns, to raise himself above others by trampling them down; and, as the superiority he assumes is generally resisted, he is placed in the situation of *Sisiphus*, constantly labouring to roll up the stone that will certainly fall down again.

Vanity is the feeblest of all follies, and cannot for a moment support itself without leaning upon others. It depends for its gratification on the courtesy of friends, the caprice of acquaintances, the ignorance of fools, the cunning of knaves, and the servility of hirelings. The admiration it delights in is as frequently excited by a tight boot, or a coat fashionably cut, a smart bonnet, or a fine piece of muslin, as by the personal attractions and accomplishments of the wearer; affectation is almost as frequently admired as grace, pertness as wit, and the smile of conceit and self-complacency as that of affability and kindness: yet the hunger of vanity for empty or undeserved praise is insatiable, nor will it be refused from the vilest hands; and, when the present supply fails, no slave can drudge harder, or swindler stoop to meaner artifices, to obtain more. This passion, when encouraged, swallows up every other, banishes modesty, renders feeling callous, and debases the understanding; and its possessor ultimately becomes the object of general contempt, but very seldom of pity.

The good of the envious man is the evil of others; and their prosperity is his affliction. If there is one in a thousand more favoured by fortune, or more advantageously situated than himself, and all the rest less so, instead of deriving satisfaction from the comparison of his state with theirs, he will pine with discontent, and let his heart corrode with unremitting anxiety, because that one may be thought in any degree superiour to himself. As his pleasure so constantly depends upon the pain of others, one might suppose there is misery enough in the world to make him happy; but, because some few are happy, he cannot chuse but be miserable.

None are less independent than the covetous. The increase of possessions increases the desire; every succeeding gain brings less satisfaction than the former; and contentment might as easily become the companion of poverty, as of covetousness.

But the most disgraceful of all dependance is in that deplorable state, when the mind stoops to the body; when to wallow in the sty of sensual pleasure is the chief good to be desired, and to accomplish which is the sole exercise of the intellect; this is the *Circean* beverage that transforms the rational being into the brute. A man totally given up to sensual indulgence, let him be ever so rich or powerful, let his situation be ever so high, and his family ever so respectable, yet in the scale of existence he cannot rank above the hog, nor are his faculties more respectable, or his views more elevated. When we compare the various and sublime enjoyments which are open to those, whose minds predominate, with the paucity and meanness of the voluptuary's pleasures, we cannot help mingling some pity with our contempt for the wretch, who is so grossly mistaken, and whose degradation is so complete.

It is evident, therefore, that to be independent, we must be divested of *pride, vanity, envy, covetousness, and sensuality*; that the rich, as well as poor, are equally subject to these passions; that wherever they are suffered to obtain the mastery, they rule with despotick sway; and that it is as much in the power of one class of society, as another, to overcome them, and rise superiour to their influence.

This strength and energy of soul is true independence; to this elevated station the peasant may arrive as well as the prince; and this is one of the noblest sources of genuine happiness. Certain it is, that some are deprived of health, and some so "*steep'd in poverty*" as to be in absolute want of the necessaries of life; but they are comparatively few whom Providence has so sorely afflicted; industry is generally able to avoid extreme indigence, and

exercise and temperance retard the approaches, and weaken the power, of disease; so that the aggregate portion of substantial happiness, which we may enjoy, seems chiefly to depend upon ourselves.

With health and competence all may be independent, and consequently happy. By competence is meant, the possession of means, not only sufficient to procure the necessaries of life, but also those comforts, which either we have been used to partake of, or which, from our situation and prospects, we may reasonably hope for, if we exert prudent œconomy. More than this, we may possess, but cannot enjoy, and consequently more is superfluous. It may enervate us with luxury, and inflate us with pride; but it will not raise us above envy, nor render us superiour to mortification; it will not increase our benevolence, nor make us more beloved by our neighbours, nor shall we be more contented; in short, more than competence can add no solid advantage, but it very probably may take much away.

But even those, to whom Heaven has given a sufficiency of this world's good, have no right to expect happiness, if their bodies are idle, and their minds are vacant: Corporeal action is necessary to health, and mental exertion equally so to sound and healthy intellect. The man, whose fortune is sufficient to supply his reasonable wants without attention to any trade or profession, may exercise himself innocently and rationally; but he, whose competence is the result of his own industry, is far better off. He eats the bread he has earned with a greater relish, he more truly appreciates its value, he is better capacitated to sympathize with others, and, as a good character is of more consequence to him, society has stronger pledges for his proper conduct. Yet to procure what the body requires is not the chief or most honourable employment for which we were sent into the world: we are informed, by the sacred writings, that in our faculties we are made but "little lower than the angels;" it is therefore not only a privilege, but our duty, to exert those faculties; to improve, to expand, to strengthen and enlarge the sphere of their activity, by every means in our power; and from thence we derive the purest pleasures and most lasting benefits. A cultivated mind is able to support itself, to employ its powers usefully, and relax them delightfully, to communicate pleasure and instruction to others, and be, what its author intended, strong, dignified, and happy. While the unimproved mind is continually subject to *ennui* and peevishness; sometimes from its lightness blown about by every folly, and sometimes a victim to the spleen; communicating neither pleasure nor information; but

often stopping the current of rational conversation, by obstinately persisting in its own crude opinions, or, with sullen discontent, casting a gloom over the cheerfulness of others. There are some, so entirely devoted to the pursuit of superfluous riches, as to think all time lost which is spent in any other manner; whose grovelling minds esteem perpetual plodding the only commendable quality; and who have even presumed to censure others, for bestowing some portion of their time and attention on the nobler part of their natures, for endeavouring to correct their hearts, and furnish their heads with rational knowledge.

For such contracted beings this paper is not intended; they are too gross for feeling, too dull to be convinced, too deep-rooted in selfish habits to be reformed, and too contemptible to be regarded. They may have high notions of their own importance; but can never be agreeable companions, estimable friends, nor safe instructors; nor will they be loved or respected by the virtuous and the wise. If our minds are of a more elevated nature than our bodies, surely it is but just, that some regard should be paid to them; surely it is not only imprudent, but criminal, to neglect them. One of the strongest arguments in favour of the soul's immortality is drawn from the consideration of its activity, and unceasing desire after knowledge, which can never be sated in this world; and it is difficult to oppose this reasoning, except it be urged, that the narrow views, the sordid habits, and ignoble pursuits of some, would induce us to suppose their souls are never raised above their occupations, and therefore must be like the "brutes that perish."

To conclude: it is possible to possess health, competence, vigour of body, a cultivated and active mind, and yet be very unhappy, and very mischievous, if they are without benevolence to their fellow creatures, and piety towards God. These last are not only essential to the enjoyment, and right use, of every other blessing, but will support us under the privation, and supply the want, of many. A feeling, an upright, a generous, and unsuspecting heart, derives pure and constant gratification from its own emotions; its joys are doubled by the participation of others, and even from its sorrows, and the share it takes in the sufferings of those who are distressed; it derives, from virtuous consciousness, a pensive satisfaction, which it would not exchange for the mirth of the libertine, nor the insensibility of the selfish. But this spirit of real and enlarged benevolence can only be the result of christian piety; a steady belief in the wisdom, goodness, and providence of the great Creator; a reliance on his word, an

humble resignation to his will, a desire to obey his commandments, and to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us."

"With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
"And makes the happiness she does not find."

Mr. Easy,

Harford, January, 1805.

I am extremely happy to find, by the communication of Miss Biddy Figget in No. 7 of the Companion, that cards and card-playing are so much detested by the ladies of Baltimore. But I am afraid, from what I have frequently observed myself, that it is too good news to be true. Card-playing is frivolous and indecent in the extreme. And every circumstance having the least tendency to destroy their use, has always afforded me much delight. Miss Biddy has, I think without sufficient reflection traced the origin of cards to foolish old maids and bachelors. However as she wishes much odium to be attached to these two classes of beings, the idea was certainly commendable, which has thus given them such an origin. But I think differently. Old Nick should have his due. The most natural conjecture relative to their pedigree is, that they originated in the purest innocence, and my opinions are corroborated by those of one of our most celebrated modern writers. I will give you his sentiments almost entirely in his own words.

Cards, if one may guess from their appearance, seem to have been invented for the use of children, and among the toys peculiar to infancy, the marble, the whistle and the doll, deserve their share of commendation.—By degrees men who came nearest to children in understanding and want of ideas, grew enamoured with the use of this as a suitable entertainment.—Others also pleased to reflect on the important part of their lives, had recourse to this amusement as what recalled their childish ideas to their minds. A knot of villains increased the party; who regardless of that entertainment, which the former seemed to draw from cards, considered them in a more serious light, and made use of them as a more decent substitute for picking pockets, or robbing on the road. But for men who assume to themselves a dignity of character, where will you find their inducement to this kind of sport? How can men, who value themselves on their reflections, give encouragement to a practice which puts an end to thinking.—In short, as persons of ability are capable of furnishing a much more agreeable entertainment, when a man offers me cards, I esteem it as his private opinion that I have neither sense, nor fancy. I am dear Easy, yours,

TYRO.

THE LISTENER—No. I.

"What a barbarous notion!" said a gay young lady, the other night:—"these men not only satirize our innocent amusements, our cards, our balls, our airy fashionable dresses, and our affectation, but wish to introduce amongst us a LISTENER; who when he pleases will detail our conversations, and expose us to the world." This spirited remark brought forward the *Companion*, in which this office had been projected, and so earnest were all the females in the company, in reprobating some of the pieces in that work, that I resolved to transcribe their dialogue for your amusement. One thought impressed my mind whilst they were discussing the subject, that I myself would become a LISTENER, and thus give those females an opportunity to peruse their opinions, in that same work, of which they had spoken so contemptuously. After some desultory chat, they all at once began to revile the TRIFLER, and particularly the Dream, as related in page 20th. As I am a Listener only, it is not my office to say whether the picture is drawn from the life or not:—I forward you therefore no critique, but a transcript as exact as I can recollect, of that which was said by them. As it would be invidious to publish names, and as three only were the "chief speakers," I shall designate them by the appellations Miss A, Miss B, and Miss C; leaving to themselves the application, the most useful part of the subject.

Miss A. I would give the world to know that old morose fellow who wrote the Trifler's dream.

Miss B. He is some batchelor, who has formed improper notions of our sex.—Did ever any body hear of a wife who has thus "behaved herself?"

Miss A. It is the effect of a disordered imagination.

Miss C. You mistake: the old bear had been out at some tavern—does he not tell you that he was absent until the morning? He is some drunkard who could "never get a woman to have him" because of his vices; and having taken a dislike to us on that account, thus abuses those who will not condescend to keep him company.

Miss A. But what could induce a man to draw so unfavourable a picture of us?

Miss C. Nothing more than to aid the principle of celibacy, which is already too widely diffused.

Miss B. But mark how he condemns his wife's kindness; all she did for him was from pure love, and yet he despises it. Oh what unfeeling wretches these men are! from all men, if this be a sample, Good Lord deliver us!

Upon this, an old lady in the room interposed, and in a polite manner said, Miss B, how absurd to talk so—

there is not one woman in the city more desirous to be married than you, and not one who has half the coquetry: you try every art to gain admirers; and I have no doubt but that you would be the exact counterpart of the Trifler's wife.

I could not help joining in the laugh which this excited—but what is most remarkable, it did not raise a blush, or stop her in the part she took in the debate.

Miss A. I never heard of such a woman in all my life—this fool tells us that his wife was never pleased, either with his staying at home, or his going out; and makes his wife a mere idiot.

Miss C. I do know one woman very like her—in a large company once she told her husband to put a potatoe, which he had placed on his plate to eat, back into the dish; and, will you believe it, she was obeyed.—But one exception to the general rule of the submissiveness of wives ought not to be noticed.

Miss B. I wish you would all agree with me, and we will go to the Printing-office in a body, and toss the Publishers in a blanket* unless they give us the name of the author. What! after a woman throws herself away upon a man, must she not be her own and his master, do as she likes, and order him about as she pleases!—I will never marry unless this is clear and certain.

The old lady again remarked that *Miss B.* was the last girl who ought to talk so, for that all the grief of her life consisted in her not being able by any of her schemes to change her name.

Miss C., who appeared to be a prudent, sober girl, said that she could not but join with *Miss B.* in desiring to know the Trifler, yet she must beg leave to state a worse circumstance than the one there recorded, and that was a living instance of a woman, who to numberless instances of folly, impropriety, and want of affection, added this extraordinary circumstance—that she procured her father to aid her in turning her husband out of his own house.

This ended the conversation, except that they all agreed to meet together and wait upon the printers for the name of the “unsufferable bore” who penned that number of the Trifler; and asserted stoutly that if they would not satisfy them, they most assuredly would pull their ears,

* From the tenour of *Miss B.*'s conversation, it would appear that she respects *Easy* and his publishers no more than the clothiers did *Don Quixotte* and his squire *Sancho*; and like them, she is desirous of chastizing you as knights-errant. But my word for it, your readers generally are not of the opinion that such a work as the *Companion* is incapable of partially correcting the vices and follies of the age.

decry the *Companion*, and otherwise punish them, according to their behaviour upon the occasion.

You will therefore prepare yourselves, Messrs. Printers, for a grand attack, as it will be made suddenly upon you, and I fear no art, no force, no rhetorick, no politeness, no obedience, not even “a bundle of kisses,” will avail against this mighty redoubtable champion *Miss B.*, who is determined to persecute you “with all her heart:” permit me, therefore, to give you a brief sketch of this young lady.

She is fifteen years and a half old—can dance or amble a little, and chatter or prate a little, and dress herself, that is, not dress herself at all—affect to be listless in company—riggish in walking—and is perpetually ogling all the young men she meets—she cannot write or read one sentence correctly—knows no more of domestick affairs than an infant—is too indolent to acquire an useful idea, or the least particle of valuable knowledge, and yet presumes herself to be mistress of every necessary household accomplishment, and qualified to fill the station of a wife and a mother. With this information communicated to you, all I shall add is—*From the impending vengeance I hope you will escape in safety.*

JEMIMA.

Mr. Easy,

At a time when the “still small voice,” otherwise the useful guide to rational man, is almost lost in the dreadful chaos of vindictive human wrath—when the most trivial offence subjects an useful member of society to untimely death, from the sanguinary temper of his fellow-man; any thing that may tend to recal us to a state of useful reflection, deserves the attention of all moral men. Esteeming you such, I offer the following extract for insertion.

Sermon on the combat of the duel. By the Rev. William Macfee, a chaplain of the army. Preached at the camp, at Valley-ford (Pennsylvania) Feb. 1778.

Two men of the Hebrews strove together. Exodus i.

The sacred book abounds with several instances of duels. The first that we read of, is, that of Cain and Abel; where the elder brother sent a challenge to the younger, because his sacrifice had been more acceptable to the Lord. They met, and Abel fell, having received the end of a club, as is generally supposed, somewhere above his right temple.

The second instance, of which we read, is that of the text; where two young Hebrews had met, with their seconds, to decide a small difference, but what it was, has perplexed all commentators. Moses, like a young man

as he was, endeavoured to quiet their resentment against each other, or to overcome it, by putting them in mind that they were brethren. The conduct of the young man was indiscreet, and he received a proper check by the rebuke of the two brick-layers.

The next instance that we read of, is, that of a young officer of a bear who sent a challenge to young David, who reported that he was fond of eating sheep; which calumny, true or false, it behoved him, as a bear of honour, to resent. David met him, and, having discharged their pistols, they took to the points, and in the scuffle, while the bear had thrown himself too far forward, in attempting a lunge, David caught him by the beard, and smote him through the body.

Having given these few instances from scripture, I shall go on to shew the necessity of a duel, and then to press it a little on my audience.

It is necessary. For it is not every man that has the command of his passions; and these, unless they are suffered to evaporate in some manner, will burst out into robberies, and burglaries, and do damage to society. The passion of pride is one of the most troublesome amongst men, and to this there is nothing so powerful an antidote as fear, which never fails to be excited when the challenge comes to hand. The duel is like an electrical conductor to all evil passions. The man who this moment was boiling hot, with pride and every haughty passion, is now calm and moderate, for somebody has sent him a challenge. It is the only misfortune that this very principle of fear prevents the certainty of the execution: for by giving a trembling to the hand, it comes to pass, that very few are wounded, and still fewer fall in the combat. To remedy this, I would propose, that the duellists should stand nearer, and put their noses into each other's barrels, while the pistols are discharged. Swift says, "He should be sorry to see the legislatures make any more laws against duelling, for if villains and rascals will dispatch one another, it is for the good of the community." But the misfortune is, they will not dispatch one another; for this principle of fear, and the distance at which they stand, prevents any shot being effectual.

The philosophers of the former time, and the ecclesiasticks of the present, are against duelling, forsooth, because by study und thinking, their warm passions are rendered tame, and they have no need of blood-letting; but they do not consider, that there are many others, who, if they were not suffered to give themselves vent this way, would rage and roar like mad bears, and set the world on fire.

Having now seen the necessity of this exercise, it remains that I press it a little on my audience. Who is there amongst you that did not praise the corporal the other day, who having observed something like a smile on the countenance of his neighbour, and not being able to assign the cause of it, sent him a challenge? The corporal, it is true, received a ball through the rim of his belly, and was buried that evening; but it is his consolation, that he is now with the angel Michael in Abraham's bosom.

When I mention the angel Michael, it brings to my mind the circumstance of the devil sending him a challenge. But, according to the apostle Jude, he (that is, Michael,) durst not accept of it, or, as it is in the translation, "bring a railing accusation," but said, "the Lord rebuke thee." I do not know what to say for Michael, for certainly it must be granted, that, in this instance, he acted not like an angel of honour.

The only objection that I know of against the practice of the duel, and with an answer to which I shall conclude, is, that in the New Testament it is considerably discouraged by the spirit of forbearance, inculcated in these words, "If any man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." But to this it is to be said, that "the pilot of the Galilean lake," as Milton calls him, (for I know my business better than to speak plainly out, and to say "Christ" in an army) the pilot of the Galilean lake, I say, and his apostles, among whose discourses and writings, sentiments like these are found, were not what we call men of honour. Bred up about the sea of Tiberias, they had not the best opportunity, by travelling, to become acquainted with the world. Nay, our Saviour himself plainly tells you so. "Verily I say unto you, My kingdom is not of this world." Now, as men of honour never propose to go into his kingdom, why shall they frame themselves agreeably to its customs? It is absurd; and while they live in this world, let them live as becomes men that know the world; and when they wish to go to the devil, let them send challenges as he has done, and fight duels according to his dictates.

FILIAL PIETY AND MODEST BENEVOLENCE—

AN EXTRACT.

A young man, named Robert, sat alone in his boat, in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger had stepped in, and taken his seat near him, but quickly rose again; observing, that, since the master had disappeared, he would take another boat.—"This, Sir, is mine," said Robert;—"Would you sail without the harbour?"—"I meant

only to move about in the bason, and enjoy the coolness of this fine evening.—But I cannot believe you are a sailor.”—“Nor am I—yet on Sundays and holidays I act the bargeman, with a view to make up a sum.”—“What! covetous at your age!—Your looks had almost prepossessed me in your favour.”—“Alas! Sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me.”—“Well perhaps I am mistaken—let us take our little cruise of pleasure, and acquaint me with your history.”

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue, after a short pause, proceeded thus:—“I perceive, young man, you are sad—what grieves you thus?”—“My father, Sir, groans in fetters, and I cannot ransom him. He earned a livelihood by petty brokerage, but, in an evil hour, embarked for Smyrna, to superintend, in person, the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern. The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair, and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refuse to let him go for less than 2000 crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best—my mother and sister work day and night—I ply hard at my occupation of a journeyman jeweller, and, as you perceive, make the most I can on Sundays and holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father’s stead; but, my mother apprised of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage.”—“Pray, do you ever hear from your father?—Under what name does he pass?—Or what is his master’s address?”—“His master is overseer to the royal garden at Féz—and my father’s name is Robert at Tetuan, as at Marseilles.”—“Robert—overseer of the royal gardens?”—“Yes, Sir.”—“I am touched with your misfortunes—but venture to predict their termination.”

Night drew on apace. The unknown, upon landing, thrust into young Robert’s hand a purse, containing eight double louis d’or, with ten crowns in silver,—and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks had passed since this adventure, and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unsavory meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment; in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner, tenderly embraced his wife and children; and thanked them, with tears of gratitude, for the fifty louis they had caused to be remitted to him, on his sailing from Tetuan, his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length, Madame Robert, suspecting her son had se-

cretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal. “Six thousand livres,” continued she, “is the sum we wanted—and we had already procured somewhat more than the half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present.” A gloomy suggestion crossed the father’s mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eyeing him with the sternness of distraction, “unfortunate boy!” exclaimed he, “what have you done? How can I be indebted to you for my freedom, and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom, without your mother’s knowledge, unless at the expence of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth at once—and let us all die, if you have forfeited your integrity.”—“Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father,” cried the son, embracing him.—“No, I am not unworthy of such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment—I am not your deliverer—but I know who he is.—Recollect, mother, the unknown gentleman, who gave me the purse. He was particular in his enquiries. Should I pass my life in the pursuit, I must endeavour to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate the fruits of his beneficence.” He then related to his father all that passed in the pleasure-boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, Robert again partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established; at last, on a Sunday morning, as his son sauntered on the quay, he recognized his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him, as his guardian angel, as the saviour of a father and a family, to share the happiness of his own creation. The stranger again disappeared in the crowd—but, reader, this stranger was Montesquieu.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

For the convenience of our city correspondents, they are respectfully informed that a letter-box is affixed to Messrs. Bonsals’ window, on Market-street.

We are much obliged to a respectable correspondent for his hint on modern sleigh-drivers, and think him so well qualified to write easily on that subject, that we anticipate a valuable essay:

For when we see a female charioteer,

We think of *Phaeton*, and think with fear.

If JEMIMA continues to be a prudent *listener*, she will prove a valuable correspondent.

CONFUCIUS, and others, are under consideration.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S PURSUIT OF HER SON.

Wild with sorrow and grief thus distractedly spoke
 A mother, whose anguish wrung sighs from her heart;
 But no tear from her eye yet pellucidly broke,
 Thence only the rays of affliction could dart.
 "Oh! where roams my son? whither carelessly play'd?
 Perhaps by yon brook he has fearlessly stray'd
 And beneath its dark bosom his body is laid.

What noise struck my ear? 'twas the Curlew that sung
 Most plaintively sung me his fun'ral dirge.
 Again!—hear the sound that so solemnly rung;
 'Twas the waters as o'er him their whiten'd foam urge.
 Return him ye waves to a parents fond arms,
 Tho stiffen'd his corse, yet his infantine charms
 Will lend him a smile that will calm my alarms.

Perhaps down yon precipic'd height did he fall—
 Ye spirits of air, where wing'd ye your flight,
 Could ye listen untouch'd, to his agoniz'd call?
 Could ye see too, unpitying, the heart-rending sight?
 Why did ye not rush, as ye saw him thus dare
 The rock that so awfully nodded in air,
 And safely to earth the rash innocent bear?

Perhaps in yon wood where so mournfully waves
 The cypress tree, sacred to me and to woe;
 He heedlessly wander'd amid its dark caves,
 'Till no longer his heart beat with lifes gentle glow.
 Yes! the savage that prowls through the desert so wild,
 Has redden'd in blood the soft limbs of my child
 Oh God! I shall ne'er see him smilingly mild.

Thus saying across the green space of the plain,
 She wildly rush'd forward unmindful of fear.
 The forest's dark bosom her footsteps now gain,
 When a sigh gently broke on her list'ning ear
 She started; the moment was fraught with her fate—
 'Twas only the dove that mourn'd sweetly its mate
 And sigh'd for those pleasures it tasted so late.

Still onward she rush'd disappointed and sad;
 For misfortune had lent her the wings of despair.
 Hark! accents well known her mild bosom now glad,
 Each chrySTALLIZ'd pearl joy melts to a tear;
 To her infant she sprung—to her bosom 'twas prest,
 And maternally warm'd into life at her breast,
 As the fond happy parent her infant caress'd.

YELSE

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

Genius of the desert wild!
 Nature's misanthropic child,
 In yon sequester'd hermit's cell,
 Solitude, thou lov'st to dwell;
 There with fairy feet to dance,
 O'er the clifted height's expanse,
 Or in the lonesome vale to stray,
 And trim life's little lamp away.

Hence noise and folly! idle brood,
 Nor tempt the haunts of Solitude...
 Shrouded in the dumb retreat,
 Muffled Silence takes her seat,
 And Melancholy, droops her head
 And sighs and weeps, till hope is fled;
 While pious Supplication stands,
 With asking eyes and lifted hands,
 And Mem'ry groups in chequer'd ray,
 The fleeting forms of yesterday.

Health, in purple vest array'd,
 And Modesty, that courts the shade,
 Truth disdaining puff'd pretence,
 Meek unconcious innocence,
 Tranquility, unknown to care,
 Fairest where all forms are fair;
 And sweet Content, that's blest to roam
 Never from her native home;
 Solitude! thy charms supply,
 And tune the the soul to harmony!

For thee when Phosphor's purple beam
 Plays upon the chrystal stream,
 When the Zephyr's silky sway
 Chills the fervid heat of day,
 When Ev'ning spreads her dewy damp
 O'er the little glow-worm's lamp,
 And twilight's herald, (bird of care,)
 Flits beneath the lurid air,
 And the sickly taper's light,
 Mocks the misty noon of night;
 O Solitude, for thee I sigh,
 For thou art best society!

With thee from Riot's revel reign,
 From Pleasure's pantomimic train,
 From Glory's prostituted palm,
 I seek the philosophic calm!
 Whether to trace Caucasian snow
 Or in the torrid tropic glow,
 To mark the circling ocean's bound,
 Or trace a streamlet by its sound.

O might the hours of musing stay,
 Or fly as they have fled to day,
 Now Learning's sacred heaps I'd tread,
 To converse with the mighty dead;
 Now rove the silent walls among,
 Where torrents flow'd from Tully's tongue,
 Tow'rd proud Vesuvius' summit turn,
 And drop a tear on Pliny's urn,
 Or Athens, beautiful in ruin scan,
 And ponder on the pride of man.

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